

PRISONER EXPRESS

poetry anthology

volume 6

Greetings!

My name is Naomi! You've all already heard from me this summer but I just wanted to let you know how much of a pleasure it has been to spend my summer reading your poetry! I am currently a Cornell student, and back in May I was clueless on what I would spend my summer doing. However, I am so glad I literally stumbled upon the Prisoner Express program. This program introduced me to a community of people whose voices are silenced, whose humanity is often forgotten, and who are in essence forgotten: prisoners. This program allowed me to hear your voices, to see your humanity. In particular, working with the poetry program renewed my love and respect for the art of poetry. It is extremely powerful to see men and women sharing their innermost thoughts and emotions, candidly and without care for formality or correctness. Reading your work allowed to re-realize the power of words, and the power of poetry. Thank you all so much for your candidness, and your willingness to share, freely. I'm glad that you have chosen to confide in the Prisoner Express program.

And, I'm glad that I found the program, and you!

Stay encouraged,

Naomi

Hello to all the poets in the PE program. We received many submissions for consideration. Naomi and other volunteers read your works and chose the poems that were included in this anthology. A few weeks ago we started putting all the new poems received in a file for Anthology#7 as this anthology was completed. In the same way a number of these poems were submitted for anthology# 5, but as it was full we sent them over to this issue. The way to receive the next anthology is to submit a poem you have authored. This program is open to anyone who chooses to write. I understand that for many of you, your options for creative self expression seem limited. Through poetry, and any other writing you do, you have the opportunity to express what is inside you. Through the Prisoner Express program, you then have an avenue for people in the free world to read your words and

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Jason Forbes
Robert Hambrick
C.F. Christian

know more about the person you are. Too many stereotypes exist in this world, and while many generalities often contain some truth, none of us are generalities. We are living, feeling beings, and within that we all are unique. We intend to provide you with a chance to be heard, understood and perhaps to generate some communication between you and others. We will post this anthology on our website and your addresses will be listed if folks care to communicate with you. As you know we are on the tightest of budgets, and are always searching for funds to keep these programs functioning. All donations can be made to CTA/Prisoner Express, 127 Anabel Taylor Hall, Ithaca, NY 14853
Stay Strong, Breathe Deep, Write On, Gary

Steven Dennis

I AM –

Trampled and beat
Tossed out on the street
Hungry to eat
Wearing state shoes on my

feet

I AM –

Starting to bleed
Feeling the need
Not guided by

greed

Always tempted

by speed

I AM –

More than desire
Free to aspire
Ready to fly higher
Never a liar

I AM

What I am
Me
Steve Dennis

who i am.

Where my life seems to unravel

Family, friend, lover, stranger on
the street

A different me for all
who I meet
Trying to treat them all
the same
In life that's how you
play the game

Now the dwindling sands
of time
Have run out for me and

mine

Loved ones gone, such a great loss
Shall fate be left to a coin toss?

A man grown I must decide
Alone with no one at my side
A good life I did destroy
Should have been mother's pride
and joy

Mind Perception

WITH YOUR MIND, YOU
PERCIEVE BY CHOICE,
take calling in the voice of trust...

OTHERS WILL BALANCE IN
WHAT YOU CANNOT KNOW,
for you remain alone until reality
sets in...

SILENCE IS TO BE BLIND IN
WHAT YOU WILL NOT SEE,
come forward, heed to the voice of
opportunity...

STAY CLEAR OF YOUR EGO,
AS IT IS A STRENGTH OF
WEAKNESS,
keep open your mind and seek the
path toward an open ear...

PATIENCE IS A CURE, WHILE
STUBBORNNESS IS A COP-
OUT,
awareness is to be alert, where
isolation brings seclusion,

David CrossWho I am

You think you know who I am
Even though you don't give a
damn
If I don't know who I am to be
How can you think to know me

I'm the bad son of a good mother
Loved me true like no other
Broke her heart, destroyed her
plans
Though I was in the best of hands

Father cared there was no doubt
Quickly forgotten when he'd shout
My love for him was deep and true
I never gave him his just due

A man of many varied faces
Different me for different places
Friends and family thought they
knew
Could not fathom the man into I
grew

You only know that which I show
A new me every place I go
A lonely road on which to travel

Joe O'NealIf You Could See

If you could see inside me, what
would you
hope to find, would it be the
loneliness or darkness
that shows no feeling toward time.
If you could look inside me, and
understand what
others try to see, would you get
lost in my soul or
would you help struggle to see me
free.

If you could see inside me and
understand what I've
been going through, would you
stop, look and listen, or
would you let this happen to you.
If you could look inside me, what
would you really
hope to find? But while you're
looking, just remember
the best of us fall down sometimes.
If you could only see, this is not
what will happen to you
if only you listen to me.

Don Collins**WE CANNOT READ**

THOUGHTS, NOR FORSEE
YOUR NEXT JOURNEY,
that is certain, you are here, you
made a choice of reason.

Jesus Fonseca

I

I am Lenin, stillborn and hurled
into a warped society,
I engage in battle with those who
diametrically oppose my ideology.
I survive under an extreme
situation called occupation, but
I have managed to successfully
reverse my indoctrination.
I am civilized and refined beyond
the dreams of the white man, and
now

I wage war with the parasitic
cowards who raped our women,
and stole our land.
I look around only to discover that
my kin has fled and forsaken me,
and as a result
I touch and can feel the scars
seared on my psyche.
I have witnessed my forefather's
war with racism, but now

I see I must do the same against
 psychological fascism.
 I am reflected in the eyes of those
 who lost their children on the razor
 wire of social strife,
 I march in the phalanx of the
 pillars who through sacrifice
 guaranteed me life.
 I am repulsed to see my people
 bemused with a severe psychosis,
 but at least
 I no longer have to endure
 society's hypnosis or social
 neurosis.
 I refuse to conform to society's
 norms, so subsequently
 I am eschewed and scorned cause
 I've elected to march to the beat of
 a different drum.
 I value the methodology of the
 "eclectic dissector of doctrines,"
 I seek to reduce to ashes those
 turncoats who've succumbed to
 capitulation.
 I had no choice but to
 excommunicate him who was once
 me, for
 I possess an arsenal of ideological
 purity.
 I have long been labeled a
 recalcitrant by the establishment,
 yet
 I will always conduct myself to the
 detriment of all governments.
 I am drowning in a religious vortex
 that I declare my #1 enemy
 I see that it has only served to
 anaesthetize and confound my
 family.
 I have sat and chewed on the
 philosophy of dialectics, and for
 this
 I am hunted by the stake to be
 reunited with the other heretics.
 I hear those on the moral high
 ground have cursed me to their
 hell, therefore
 I have been excoriated and
 escorted to my "condemned cell."
 I now wait to meet my execution
 so decreed by the likes of ancient
 Rome, yet
 I see they've forgotten that I've
 always been a resident of the
 catacombs.

William Chaplar

Talents

The talents we
 possess are
 what allow us
 to excel
 And each of
 us can claim
 at least a few.
 So rather than
 improving at
 those things
 you don't do well,
 Get more proficient at those things
 you do.



Failed Rehab

I'm in jail for the times that I've
 fought.
 With sheer violence my life has
 been fraught.
 But when asked what I'll do
 When my sentence is through,
 I simply reply, "not get caught".

Learn What Not To Do

When people teach you how to act,
 it's best that you give heed.
 But just remember, knowing this is
 not all that you need.
 It won't suffice to know the Dos if
 DONT's aren't in your view.
 Learn, therefore, not just what you
 should but what you shouldn't do.

Those Who Can

There's a saying that "Those who
 can, do"
 But that's only partially true.
 Cause it can't be forgot
 That they wouldn't know squat
 If a teacher had not gotten through

Chris Lockridge

Open Moments

Open moments, black days
 My where question-unspoken
 Of when I am going and who I am,
 I do not exist, so how am I here?

They lie about, the wolves of
 midnight
 As wishes, softly they caress the
 mind
 Mind blossoms, naked, raw

Emotions by another name.

I am not here nor do I
 exist
 I reply to myself
 For my ransomed words
 have been rebellious
 Between honed blades
 by King of the knife
 My spun life was
 finished
 In dreams, by the mad

spinning spider
 For my death climbs the web with
 her...

Robert Hambrick,

The Wisdoms of Kropsometor- Vol. 1

1.1

What praise there is for man!
 Vain, it is
 What is man, but the vilest of
 bests.
 No other creature commits raw
 murder.
 Other animals indeed kill
 senselessly at times;
 But man is the only one capable
 of murdering for pure selfish gain.

Man's intelligence
 Is touted as a blessing
 And evidence of his superiority.
 But see to what destruction and
 oppression
 This ability has been employed
 since time began

Nay, cognition is creation's curse;
 The quest for knowledge is man's
 damnation:
 Had he but nature's call,
 All would be innocence.

The ignorant,
 Yea, he it is which is blessed.
 The secret of truth dwell with the
 simple
 (Though he knows not that he
 knows.)
 Work with the sun...sleep with the
 stars;

contentment with the day's bread.
What happiness, in such elemental
desire.

Evil is known only to those
who seek to rule anything but
themselves.

1:17
Man has a talent for creating
destruction.
(What a contradiction-
creating/destruction)
His greatest inventions are
designed
To completely annihilate
humanity.
Yet he desires to be his own God!

3:9
To stand on honor
In the face of sure defeat
Is worse than foolish,
It is prideful waste.
Is not cowardice
Simply self-preservation?

Paul Washburn

I AM A HUMAN

I am a mother, I am a father.
I am a son, I am a daughter.
I am both male and female.
But most of all I am human.

"ROSE AND BUTTERFLY"

for all these year my true self I
did hide,
but deep down I love who I am on
the inside.

I hid for the fear of my life,
seeing others who came out go
through pain and strife.

At my birth I was pronounced a
male,
but listen to me my true self is a
female.

so get over it and listen to what
is say,
for my true self I will be on this
very day

just as the clouds are in the sky,
I am beautiful as a rose and free as
a butterfly..

a story that should be told.

Tim Hampton

Hooditician

Here ye! Feel me! Can anybody
hear me!

They say that the revolution shall
not be televised
black, white,
red, green or
yellow it doesn't
matter the color
so open your
eyes! Stop being
asses and realize
that by the
selfishness of
the world we're
all be3ing
despised
talking about
fighting crime



but all of them are crooks
Democrats still smoking weed
Republicans snorting cocaine out
of match books
Look at the senate getting down
with China White
Year, we gonna fight against crime
aight.

How would America feel, if I
brought the ghettos to Fort Knox?
We'll be getting rich and laughing
our asses off

Giving you 20 years, as soon as
you get out of detox
How in the hell is that justice, 20
years for 4 stanky ass rocks?

Talking all that shit about vote or
die

Hell, you want to put me in jail
cause I don't wanna fight your war!
Matter of fact, I cant' even get you
to give me a damn job!

So tell me Mr. President! What in
the hell am I gonna go to war for?!

The hood, ghettos and projects,
been fighting since day one!!!

I can't get my disability but you're
talking about, I'm a Vietnam vet!

Unemployment so high, people
goin half on a cigarette!

Every
time I turn on the TV, drugs this!
Drugs that!

Yet you say the war on drugs is
because of crack babies

Do you think we're some damn
fools?! War on Drugs!
It's a war on drugs because
too many hood residents
got Mercedes Benz,
Tahoe's.
So My. President, you say
when it's time to vote, that
you want our vote
Here is my vote, Mr.
President. Kiss. My. Hood.
Ass.

Jackey R. Sollars

The '58' Ford

No wires, tires, wheels, but
a good deal.

A two tone green paint scheme,
good chrome 'n' vinyl.
Parked very dear, toward the back
of the tool shed.

"She's been there since back in
sixty-eight.

Motor's blown a thrown rod in my
own raving race.

When cut out of mind, blindly, I
tested God's Grace.

Pursuing a life taken by mistake.
My son, a nations son, lost in Nam.
All a rage, barely the age to be a
man.

Joined for honor [spit] to conquer a
villainous regime.

He died, I died, inside, I lost my
dream.

So here you see, sits she, a
monument of sort.

For a time, in her bosom,
embraced, I had comfort.

Now the iron, my nightmare, its
time to let go.;

For now the old fifty-eight does
vex my soul.

These things, memories, the
Farmer stated with hear.

His insane pain coercing deep,
forcing to part.

With the treasure, the barrier
purchased anew.
Pimple-faced, raced he with hopes
of youth.
Cruising around the home town,
gal under arm.
James Dean Flare and the bushy
Beach Boys charm.
A graduating Patriot with
dispositions for war.
The Senior trip that goes on
forever and ever.
Ne'r to return to burn rubber or
double clutch the Ford.
All chances of taunting and
tempting the local law.
Sat I there, wide-eyed, hands upon
the wheel.
Spirits now bound for the old
man's pain I did feel.
What pleasure this treasure
brought to his boy.
A reward to steward in this boy's
last toy.
It had no wires, tires or wheels, but
what a deal.
This iron horse of muscle with a
heart of steel.

Robert Hambrick

Virginity's Question

Naked before the glass
She determines,
"There must be a reason...
these differences."
Oh, what price innocence,
Tis not knowing.
Is it better then...
To love Love
And to never know love;
Or to taste love
And risk disappointment
and loss?

Oh innocence,
What do you hide?
To keep another's secret
Is virtue;
To keep one's own
Is selfish and
cowardly.
Why, oh daughter of nature,
Fear to feel?
Why deny the understanding
What knowledge the heart
decries?

Oh innocence,
Would you starve and
strangle
Life's passion unfound?

Before the glass...
She decides,
"what is given
cannot be taken."

Eric Bederson

Fingerprints

Sitting on the summer porch
You in your sun dress
Me in my short-shorts
Nothing between us Just the
laughter
Denser than the humid night
(Twenty years will pass before I
share his secret)

I saw from my hiding place
Butterflies lose their wings
Invisible burns left like
fingerprints
We are as two rocks in the same
River bath drawn in circles from
The faucet's drip
Wishing the claw-feet to run away
Dreams of the ocean's vastness
Untouchable open seas

I lied awake eyes clothes listening
To the footsteps and the hurried
Breath of your night-terrors
Teeth grinding
Jacob's Ladder descending my
Cat's cradle string
The pick up sticks
Jacks
Footsteps on Jacks
And your suicide resounds

William Miles

Music

Music in it many different forms
what ever you may prefer rock n'
roll, country (old), doo-wop, metal,
chamber opera or our eldest form
natural elements, thunder, rain,
birdsong, animal song even sea or
lake creatures sailors of old knew
and may not have understood ,
whale song as it reverberated
through the ships wooden hull

lulled to sleep. Via nature or even
artificial can cause paralytic
depression, rapturous joy, anger,
hate, lust, envy, excitement, dulled
memories invoked by only a few
strains of melody, perhaps music is
an empathic form of
communication.

James E. Meier

Ending of "the dream"

Gaping holes begin to form
Midst huddled masses
American dream
Turned nightmare

Hope dims
And homeless
Crowd alleys
And scramble for food

Gullible crowd pews
Seeking escape
Amid rantings
Of false prophets

Deluded teachers
Rant of salvation
Beyond price
Then itemize cost

Babbling of free gift
Without string
Then tell what's required
To earn it

Misery counted
As requisite to
Selected members
This elite club

Formed before time
By a sadistic God
Seeking adoration
From victims

Americans crushed
By jackboots of hobnail
And deprivation
Wielded by profit

Capitalist demand
Reward for slave driver
Ne'er-do-well
Bloodsucker
Who in greed

Drains the worker
With promise
Unfulfilled

Jackey R. Sollars

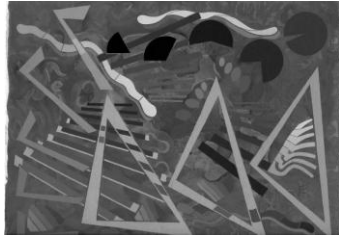
Gettysburg

(in passing through, 1990)

In Dawn's thick fog, spirits
groaned, imprisoned

Echoes the brave with
fearful battle cries,
choking

in smoke of
Ancient fodder
fires.
Alive still among
grave
monuments over
hill and dell.



Those thousands whom fell in the
tumultuous hours.

Green fields, stained
meadows, rivulets of life doth
flow,
from man and beast,
friends, brothers now mutual foes.
And for what? A nation divided
with opinions of chaos?

Upholding the Gutless and
Armchair General's points of
view.

Demanding of the
commoner his only wealth,
dust to dust now share
they the Valley of Death.
Where all men are equal after
paying a fool's dues.

Among the anguished, cries
thunderous pain still heard.

For a moment sat I
listening to the fighting and dying,
as Death comes gaily
prancing and dancing.
Till the last claimed soul is
stricken unable to stir.

Came then that silence deeper than
death itself.
Tis more Treasure poured into
Liberty's chest.

Less we forget,
without regret.

Eric Benderson

Oleander

We were in London on holiday –
2005

After Lola came my transfer
To Birmingham. London is a
Distant haze in her memory.
Two years removed her nursery
School appears smaller than my
Reflections and the tree she would
Climb to wave adieu had been cut
down.

These yesterdays were
within reach
For my wife and I
We could still touch and
taste
And smell the oleander at
the front

Door. Lola laughed at a
photograph -
She had been digging out the
raised
Flower beds along the fence.
From the few things, Lola
remembers
Being stung by a bee and a night
We spend combing nits from her
hair.

Eric Remerowski

Solitary

2001

I wake
Alone in my cell
Breathing yet another day.

I sit
Alone in my cell
Remembering all I've done wrong.

I eat
Alone in my cell
Tasting nothing but regret.

I kneel
Alone in my cell
Praying for a second chance.

I sleep
Alone in my cell
Dreaming of my former life.

I wake....

2007

I wake

Alone in my cell
Celebrating a brand new day.

I sit
Alone in my cell
Being at peace with the world.

I eat
Alone in my cell
Savoring every single bite.

I kneel
Alone in my cell
Communing with my higher Self.

I sleep
Alone in my cell
Flying as pure as Consciousness

I awaken!

Ryan Collier

Listen to my Heart

What does it take...
to receive?
I know I've got to believe...
And I do....
that's why I'm on my knees.
I don't know what to say....
to speak....
or just exactly what it is....
that I need.
But these tears are real....
streaming from the loneliness I
feel.
So... instead of praying...
instead of what my mouth is
saying...
just listen to my heart....

Ted Eason

Broken

My word is made better by your
existence -
my heart stronger by your love,
my life, whole, by your
complementing me.
My pain, eternal, by your death...
my soul lies broken
at your
Grave.

Leslie AmisonThe Backhoe Operator

What was a young man
with an IQ of one fifty doing
operating a backhoe?

TRUE

you were making 7 dollars an hour
when that was a lot of money.

TRUE

you could manipulate the control
levers
to bring the scoop down within one
quarter inch
of grade. All I had to do was even
out the grooves.

STILL

it seemed like such a waste of a
keen mind
even if you 1957 Chevy
beat like a Swiss watch
+
your supercharged Corvair
did wheelies at the drag races.

Perhaps

it was all in the father.
He torqued + twisted your ego.
You sought salvation in machinery
+ a school teacher lover who also
loved the machined steel + the
unguent
that made it possible
for the modern man to orbit the
earth
+ to find balance at such a distance
from Nature.

Rickey PearsonILive

Sentenced to a life time of inner
struggles
every day I find myself hoping... to
see the next.
God... I fight myself on many
fronts -
spread myself too thin
but so far I've held I withstood the
desperation
and hopelessness that surrounds
me,
that occasionally resides within.
In 10 years of incarceration
I've only cried twice,

and even though I try
(oh my god I need to cry)
it's easier to get blood from a
turnip.

Too much time to think on things
on what I lost, on what I miss
the bile coming to my throat
as I forcefully push away my
thoughts, memories, and broken
dreams.

I only think in the abstract these
days,

no specifics, o particulars
residuals only blink in and out
and in and out.

I find I carry on my past,
though living in the present -
the here and now,
and seldom I ponder my future.

This is the life I live
the life I chose, but would never
choose again.

This place is a hell of the worst
kind
filled with ramblings and ravings
that can rattle even the sanest of
minds.

True, I earned my place here -
trapped in time for such a
thoughtless crime
the taking of a human life has only
brought me strife.

I seek growth, while desires are
dashed upon the rocks that cause
my mind

to roll like an embittered ocean.
Unbalanced, at times I think too
much

at others... not nearly enough.

If I were a crying man, I'd cry...
a praying man, then I'd pray
but what more can I say? -
I'm a living man, so I live...

C.F. ChristianToo Full

One of the reasons
Why I believe in God
If I did not
Believe in God
I would be so full
Of myself
No one could stand
Being around me

Frank Johnson IIIContinuation of a Dream Deferred
Tribute to Langston Hughes

Today, I hear the boogie woogie
rumblings

Of a dream deferred

Langston's cry to his father- daddy
ain't you heard

The b-bop roar?

... I hear the music in his head, as
he taps his feet,
a poetic genius at work words
filled his sheet.

He wrote to the sound of music;
Lead by the drummers beat,
The high hat hit! While the piano
was discrete,
Then the change... his pen began
to flow-

As his mind relaxed
Responding to the commands of
the soft melodious sax;
His feet again tapped as he raised
both arms-

In anticipation of the smooth brass
blowing horns...

Yeah Langston, I hear the beat the
call of our mother AFRICA
Yeah! The thump-thump chains of
oppression, then the rapture:
Animals and fruits run and grow
wild

Dreams were born then taken from
the mind of a child...

Yeah Langston! I hear the beat-
There's music in my head, I too
tap my feet...

There's an AFRICA in my town
just like your Harlem;
Snare with high hat- trumpet a
calling.

I can't keep up like him but my
feet still taps the beat is outta sync
with my pen- still caged perhaps.

Rat a tat- b-bop- thump thump-
boogie woogie STOP!

...now start again...

Ben WinterThought

Silence is broken

No longer golden but tainted

By the ever present thought

That refuses to die

That thought repeated a
Thousand thousand times
Drips corruption on the peace that
had finally come home
Until that hopeful place is lost

Lost like teeth in later years
No longer able to savor but
Simply to survive on mushy bits
That can hardly he considered...
Life

Silence is broken and
The only token left is stone
Gray remembrances cracking like
Fault line fissures to shake the
World to dust under the
Force of that thought

That singular life breaking thought
That continues on and on
Like mountain ranges that no man
Has conquered or climbed

Silence is broken like a bone
With a sickly crack
Left to heal without being set
The able bodied would be king
Hobbled and wrecked
And left for dead
What is left for such a being?

Silence is broken and all that was
Golden has turned to
Rust in an open hand
Blown away like autumn leaves
Past their prime
Preparing for the time when
Winter reigns and freezes
The thought from a throne of white

Jason Forbes

Take a Knee

The day blackened and blurred at
the edges
While burning, dry and cold the
lump that
Churns in my chest by what the
mind
Dredges.
Dealt like cards from a stacked
deck are
The memories of every lashing
blow across
My back, clenching hands 'round
my neck,

Fists which bloodied my nose.
Pummeling paws have kneaded
and formed
The day that I was into what exists
Now, I suppose...;
Another link in the chain from
which I
Descend. But, I'll be the last in
that
Tradition, because I decide that
(with
me) it shall end.

Robert Fuentes

A Father's Wisdom

Sitting at a simple
Roach coach restaurant,
I speak with my son
Between burger bites
And milkshake sips,
Casual conversation of life;
I tell him of things
He should not do
And things of greatness
That he can become.
He listens with half-stoned ear,
The same way I had listened

When my father spoke to me,
Until I grew silent
In my own realization
That the things I so wisely
Tell him not to do
Are things I have done,
And things I so greatly tell him he
can become
Are things I will never be;
And only now do I understand
Why my own father
Had told me the things he did.

Douglas Harris

Unholy Peace

Bullets are flying,
Soldiers are dying;
Missiles in the sky.

Wounded are screaming,
Feeding the demon;
No their loved ones cry.

Driving the tanks,
Filling the ranks;
Blood thirsty wars.

Sons and fathers,

Mothers and daughters;
Domestic and foreign shores.

Following their orders,
Defending the borders;
Living in a man-made hell.

Burial with honors,
Sons and daughters;
Those that fought and fell.

Fog and pain,
Wars bloody reign;
Death shall not cease.

Soldiers die,
Victors cry;
Hell's unholy peace.

Curt Gambill

Desperate Times

A child cries out to a mother who
is gone.
Lost to the streets, she's forced to
make ends meet.
Who's to say if it's right or if it's
wrong,
Cause these are desperate times.

A young soldier lies bleeding in
some faraway hell,
Fighting a war without objectives
for politicians without conviction.
When will it all end? Only time
will tell,
Cause these are desperate times.

A widow drives slowly away from
her home of forty years,
Her children are grown, her
husband is gone, and the crops
have failed.
So when the bankers foreclosed,
all she had left were tears,
Cause these are desperate times.

A prisoner sits with a letter at his
feet and tears in his eyes,
He thinks of his sister and the
streets, his brother and the war, his
father and the grave, and his
mother, who, like him, is
heartbroken and alone,
Cause these are desperate times.
These are desperate times.

**Robert
Hambrick**
When Will It
Be Spring

When sol in
soft glory give his smile
And cold Mariah sleeps
for her season;
When puffy clouds fly white and
bright

And proud trees sprout
leaves by reason;
When serpents dream
upon the rock

And bleating
bovine increase their
stock;
When buzzing bees are
busy

And eager eggs
crack easy

And chubby
cubs crawl from dark
dens

And long lost
lovers make amends;
When night winds
warmer drift

And Ursa has
made the shift;

When flowers
sing.

Gerald B. Prisock
Rain

Gently falling rain
Awake flowers from their slumber
Stirring from where they've lain
Opening blossoms without
number.

Buster Swafford
Lil' Star

So bright, such a sight,
Lil' Star, you are a fright.
Hanging there, among the rest, I
bet you're, scared to death.

Oh how you dance, and jitter,
May you never, lose your glitter.
Or fall across my sky,
To fade away, and die.
Oh how you sparkle, and shine,
A guiding light of mine.

the air i breathe.

Leading me, now and then,
Upon new paths, I've never been.

Flaming Sphere, so ghastly near.
Lil' Star, for you I fear.
If you're plucked from Heavens



hand,
I'll make a wish, we meet again.
If the table should be reversed,
And I should, leave here first.
I hope you'll scatter, beams of
light
Upon my resting place each night.

Jackey R. Sollars
Beyond A Window
(a day on the lake)

When I upon a pond doth
contemplate.

These days of hope God
doth make.
On one world I see elements of
two.

The pond and sky both
deep blue.
In Ripples, geese duck and crane
feed.

Finches wrens frogs
snakes in the reed.
Clouds pass o'er islands of white.
Where-in a heron is still
in flight.
B'yon the mirrored plane mask.

Fish crawdad
minnow and musk.
B'yon the deep
endless sky.
Stars

planets, great suns shine.
The blessings these days of hope
God doth make.

When I upon a pond do
contemplate.

Beyond A Window
(a night on the lake)

Whispering Wind, blending
colors to dust.

A hera of spirit, living
liberation.;
Tails snap, manes ripple,
shadowed imagination.
Quickened silhouettes to the
west upon red dusk.
Feathers white down glides
upon mirrored soil.
A handful of pebbles
thrown against lucent glass.
Through dark of night
apparitions pass.
Till first light when instinct
stirs toil.

Mist hovering in Dawn's graying
light.
Lazily heads lift sniffing hopes
new day.
Restless neighs softly, a coyote's
last bay.
Stillness breaks with a flurry fowl
taking flight.

Soaring high, the foal lifts
its head,
bidding the pond elders a friendly
farewell.

Jose Lauriano Di Lenola
Slow Movements

Slow movements of sound
Agitate my ears with
Vague whispers that
Echo and accuse
Me with
Every rustle.

R. Bailey
Without Hope
Dripping with creek water
Hunting snails

A white
egret
Impossible
legs
Like straw

She turns to
look
He kisses
her exposed
neck

She stiffens
Unprepared

—
The name of another

The narcissus no longer sacred
Under the ant's footfall

It passes
The paper bridge
Into September

Autumn of withered grass
Autumn of ghost-like winds

Eric Bederson

At the Riverside

The flow, smooth as silk
over sandstone (at times)
Coursing variety of turbulence,
cooling in shadowy pools of
arching boughs.

Leafy fingers, gusting!
Parting wide river rolls
under strokes of light. Dusted
rays glisten off rapid reflections
of summer, floating in seasonal
rituals as adventure seekers hunt
polliwogs and single-minded
beasts
chase sticks and stones
while safety-headed protectors
tote lotions to keep sunburns at bay
when splashing stirs with laughing
and sticks and stones are thrown
followed by plodding dives.
Then eyes gleam diaphanous
wings
of a butterfly in a wave of illusion
beneath the water as it dances
in the glow above with a heart-beat



motion
to its
flight,
dying
at every
pause in
the wind.

When
the
laughter
subsides
and
sticks

cease to be thrown,
when rapids refrain from
cascading,
when the heart-beat of the butterfly
is all but cocooned, when I see
beyond this memory, free from my
loneliness, when
the sun's rays
warm
but do not burn my
skin when my
aged eyes rest to a
new spring in
bloom,
a riverside at play,
a fountain of youth
beside an ageless
citadel, where from
my time has flown.

Anonymous
Prisoner
OUT OF THE
DARK

When rain pours
forth from the sky
As lightning walks
the land tonight
Striking at random
with might,
It seems so much
like life.
No matter what sun
will shine again,
Nothing can remain grim
When something new is waiting to
begin
Listening to the winds sigh
Wondering if the time is nigh
Or Far like a star in the night

Be guided by fate
Surrender your soul and allow it to
take you where it may
Just to live another day.
Everything isn't always great,
How can it ever be too late
To partake in this wonder
Rather then plot to tear the world
asunder
Hear thunder roar,
Feel it reverberate in the floor
When the storm is through
Here comes light anew
Waiting to greet & guide you
As you walk under the moon,
while insects
Chitter and croon knowing this
dark will part soon.

John E. Christ



Looking Up
Into the darkest void
Uncounted stars fill the cosmos
Waiting silently

**Robert L.
Hambrick**
The

Greatest Thief

The greatest thief
steals light
and changes it to shadow;
shadow, into oblivion...

steals ambition
and changes it to contentment;
contentment to sorrow;
sorrow, into apathy...

steals enjoyment
and changes it to mediocracy;
mediocracy, into contempt;
contempt, into loathing...

steals desire
and changes it to loneliness;
loneliness, into desperation;
desperation, into despair...

steals love
and changes it to abandon;
abandon, into recklessness;
recklessness, into fatality.

The greatest thief of all
turns minutes to hours;
hours, into days;
days, into years;
steals all,
and leaves only tears.

Tim Hampton

You're Still a Lady

I'm feeling that! You grab life by
its reins, It didn't matter that you
didn't have all the facts, I look at
you with the utmost understanding,
Doesn't matter if you're white or
black, Society tries to label you, So
I apologize for the mental abuse,
Because without your touch what
would we do, Our daddies steady
leaving us without nothing in the
cold, And now we're an
afterthought, mama didn't do all
that talking, She fought and
walked the walk, Your essence we
try to ridicule, Throwing
meaningless words that degrade,
Yet through it all you're still a

a thin line between love and hate.

lady, Many a times you're alone
and on your own, observing those
shattered dreams, It doesn't matter
if you're a hooker and smoker, +
smoker, cause for your heart I'm a
fiend, and will always be, From
my lips you will always hear, no
matter what woman you're still a
lady

James Glaze

Friendship

Friendship is a precious bond,
so fragile, yet so strong.
It's nurtured by our deeds and
thoughts,
and soothes when things go wrong.

Friendship is companionship:
the joy of sharing fun,
of bridge games, golf, and notes
we send,
that keep us on the run!

Friendship, also, shares the times
when sorrows come our way.
To have dear friends, who really
care,
makes "grey days" much less grey!

Friendship never can be owned:
a special gift from God
to bring us happy memories
as life's long path, we trod.

Dave Gordon

Froggy Woggy

A froggy woggy in a pond
Spied a princess on her lawn
He strained to look with eyes
bulged out
With froggy voice he shouted out,
"Oh woe is me here in this pond,
If ere a princess came along."
The princess looked and saw a log,
And there upon it sat a frog.
"Oh froggy woggy, sounding sad,
Did someone steal your lily pad?"
"Dear princess it's much worse
than that
Could you sit with this frog and
chat?"

"Why yes,
sweet frog, I'll
sit with you

Now tell me why you're sad and
blue."

"An evil curse befell a prince
Which cost him his strong
countenance
His mighty stature in a fog
Changed into a slimy frog."
The princess laughed, "I'm sure
it's true,
But let me guess, this prince is
you?"

The frog he sat so proud and tall,
"One day I will be King of all!"
"So tell me frog – oops! – I mean
prince,
How can we fix your
countenance?"

"A princess must fulfill my wish,
Yes her sweet lips and mine must
kiss."

"Oh froggy woggy you're so sweet
But our two lips will never meet."

"Oh princess if you only knew
What to me your kiss would do.
I wouldn't stay a frog for long,
I'd be a prince, so brave and
strong."

"Oh froggy woggy, if I kissed you
I'm quite sure I'd need a tissue.

So soggy, wet and sticky too,
Won't I catch a wart from you?"

"You silly princess, can't you see
A single kiss will set me free!"

The froggy woggy pressed his will
Her princess cry continued still
"But froggy woggy have you seen
From head to toe your skin is
green!

For I'm a princess pure and true
Why should I kiss a frog like
you?"

"Have you not read or yet been
told

That every prince begins a toad?"
The princess thought about his
words

"Why that's the silliest thing I've
heard!"

"Tis silly NOT! Oh princess dear,
Please pucker up and kiss me here!
Why do you laugh? You are so
mean,

When I'm a prince I won't be green.
 Nor will my eyeballs bulge at you,
 For when we kiss they'll turn bright blue."
 "Oh froggy woggy prove to me,
 Can you give me a guarantee?"
 The princess laughed till her tears fell
 The froggy thought, "Oh what the hell!"
 "Okay sweet frog, but answer this,
 Will you be mine after we kiss?"
 "Why yes princess, that part is true.
 Once we kiss, I'll belong to you."
 "I like the thought of owning you
 To do all that I tell you to!"
 So when the princess leaned his way,
 The froggy woggy hopped away...
 THE END
 (for all inquiring princesses)

Jesus Fonseca

To My Soul Mate...

I am so glad that you are a part of my life. It is a privilege to know you, to share myself with you, and to walk together on the paths that take us in so many beautiful directions. I had heard of "soul mates" before, but I never knew such a person could exist. Until I met you... somehow, out of all the twists and turns our lives could have taken and out of all the chances we might have missed, it almost seems like we were given a meant-to-be-moment to meet, to get to know one another, and to set the stage for a special togetherness. When I am with you, I know that I am in the presence of someone who makes my life more complete than I ever dreamed it could be. I turn to you for trust, and you give it openly. I look to you for inspiration, for answers, and for encouragement, and not only do you never let me down, you lift my spirits up and take my thoughts to places where my troubles seem so much farther

away and my joys feel like they're going to stay in my life forever. I want you to know that my world is reassured by you, my tomorrows need to have you near. So many of my smiles depend on you, and my heart is so thankful that you're here.

May 4, 2010

Albert Pena Forever With You

You will never know what you have
 Never until it's lost
 Does it have to be good-bye
 Paid such a heavy cost

You were given a heart and soul
 But you really just don't know
 The pain you've left inside
 Leaving this wishing he could die

But even thru the pain
 I know just what to say
 My Love hasn't, Nor will it
 Ever fade away.

For my Love is forever with you
 With each and every breath
 Until I am with my Father
 On the day I meet my death...

Travis Standlee

Forever

I would have stayed forever
 Enchanted by your eyes,
 Believing all the love songs
 But the love songs told us lies.

I could have stayed forever
 If given half a chance,
 But Karma came between us
 Without a backward glance.

I might have stayed forever
 Flown home just like a bird,
 If you had said you wanted me
 But you never said the words.

And now we know its over



Our chance just passed us by,
 So think about the future
 Cause forever was a lie.

Frank Johnson

Cry Once...

Cry me a cry, one-my child
 Let your untamed tears runneth wild
 Let the rain fall from your fertile eyes
 Let your daddy hear his daughter's lonesome cries.

I didn't see you fall from that wicked red bike
 I didn't see the wind steal your flimsy yellow kite
 I didn't see your lonely,

sleepless nights
 I didn't see in your heart-loves tender lights
 Fragment memories of a tearless cry
 Never seen tears flowing from my daughters eye
 Cry me a cry, once-my child
 Let your untamed tears runneth wild.

Charles Christian

Prejudice

What is it about a crow
 A black crow,
 That makes me think of evil?

The shadow of a snow
 A mood as dark as the blackest crow
 A dark soul...

Crow's sit high in the tree of evil
 Watching me with black inky eyes,
 Not a word said in judgment.

How did I find something to hate?
 Why do I fear crows...
 To hate a thing that just is..

What is the cost
 Of not having an enemy,
 Would hatred and fear die away?

Can God be trusted
 In the dark, or

Only in the light?

Evilness of the crow
It's not an angry bird
Looking to break bones or
hearts....

One minded thinking
With symbols of eternity,
First, last, omega...

Can I put this away,
Black, crows, superstitions,
Eyes that accept no light.

Souls never die
Characters are formed
By the choices we've
made.

Every minute of anger
I love 60 seconds of joy..
Bad habits can be broken.

A black crow, a!
Seeing something rainy,
To heal, I swear it smiled.

Felix Rodriguez
My Dwelling Place

Love, you are my refuge,
My abode forever.

Just as a joyous bachelor
may desire to be a lone wolf,
So as your spouse do I dream
of being more united in marriage.

Your body is a passage leading
through a golden wood;
your love is a clearing
in the midst of the grove.

Here have I built my residence,
here in you alone.
With you I know little solitude
deeper than my own.

One table, one rocking chair
by the hearth of you,
and in your face a window
more brilliant than the firmament!

Your utterance is more peaceful
than
my thoughts. Gladly shall I spend

my life in the cool still hush of
you.

When you smile I'm warmed like
earth in the sun.
your laugh is the brook at my
doorstep.

Gentler are you than breath,
stranger than death.
Just to touch your crowning glory
Is more tranquil than slumber.

Surely all my wandering finds it



Expiration in you.
In your brown eyes may I safely
Perish.

Darling, you are my hermitage,
My dwelling for ever.

For (who else?)
“Many women do noble things, but
you surpass them all.”
Proverbs 31:29

J. Cameron
Why Did You Do It

Why did you do it; why
did you lie! Did you think it would
hurt less if you attempted to hide.
The facts are the facts, the truth is
what's real; If you could have been
honest nothing could kill, the love
that we shared, the bond that had
grew but, you steady denied,
knowing I knew.

From the beginning I told
you to “just keep it real;” “Don't
try to convince me, I'm not new to
this deal.” “I've done this before,”
“I'm not new to the pain.” I
attempted to warn you, and you
still tried to run game!

Why did you do it, why
couldn't you see, that all that I
needed was you to be honest with
me? I knew that it hurt, I knew it
was hard, to try to hold on to a
man behind bars.

I knew it was tough

without the
affection you need;
I knew you'd go get
it and expect me to
believe, that you'd
never to cheat,
'cause your not
human like me.

I gave you
the chance to be
real from the start;
“Just keep it one
hundred and don't
play with my
heart.” “Don't think
me the fool, don't
sit there and lie, just
do what you do and

let sleeping dogs lie.”

Why did you do it, why
did you lie? You tried to convince
me looking me square in the eyes.
You could have been smart and
just not brought it up but, the guilt
was too much you had drank from
the cup; that cup filled with
pleasure, the pleasure you craved.
You used words of deceit, words
that could have been saved.

You could have been
silent, leaving the truth un-spoken;
you could have stood firm in your
silence, leaving the trust unbroken;
you could have been real baby, and
we could have got through it, but
you chose to play games. Baby,
why did you do it?

Tim HamptonWon't Change

At the age of 23, I had experienced something new

A thing called sacrifice just to be with you

Having disagreements and arguments because you wouldn't do the same

Not having trust in you 'cause I knew you were still playing games

Trying to put up with your unfaithfulness, because my love for you is strong

You got me caught up in your smell, so I'm just tagging along
Hunt deep down inside, when you holla at other kids when we're together

If I could just find the strength in me to break away, I'll be much better

Our anniversary is next week, and you fronting like you care
Made special romantic arrangements in hopes you'll be there

Just like last year, I know how it will be

A table of roses and champagne with a chair only reserved for me

William ChaplarA Letter From The Inside

Sometimes I sit and wonder if you ever think of me.

I wonder if there's someone else you wish that I could be.

I fully understand that, of me, you're not very proud.

And over our relationship, there's always loomed a cloud.

I guess I never really took the time to let you know

Who I've become since you saw me eleven years ago.

First off, I'd like to let you know- in case you haven't heard-

That I've developed quite a fondness for the written word.

I'm letting you know this because I hope one day you might

Forgive me long enough to take the time to sit and write.

Something that might interest you- in case you didn't know-

Is that this could be the year these people finally let me go.

There's something else about me you likely never knew;

Reading books is probably my favorite thing to do.

But I am not one of those intellectual elite.

(Without "Vampire Diaries" my life is not complete!)

The music that I listen to is all over the map.

(Oldies, country, new age, classic rock and even rap!)

One thing that just might interest you more so than any other

Is this new-found relationship that I have with you r mother.

So now that I have told you about the things I like to do,

My hope is that I might find out a little about you.

But I'd sure understand if you would rather not reply.

(With all that's happened, we may never see eye to eye.)

If that's what you decide, though, understand that I'll be sad,

'Cause I was hoping all could be forgiven.

Love,

Your Dad

Robert V. FryerIf Tears Could Build A Stairway

I thought of you today but that is nothing new

I thought of you yesterday and will tomorrow, too

My dreams are of you in silence and make no outward show

For what it means to not have you only those who love you know

Remembering you is easy I do it everyday

It's the pain of not having you that will never go away

But if tears could build a stairway and memories were a lane

I would walk right up to heaven to ask God for you again

Our hearts words weren't spoken and I never wanted a good-bye

It was over before I knew it and only God knows why

My heart still aches with sadness as my secret tears still flow

What it meant to lose you, only me, the one who loves you knows

Since you'll never be forgotten I pledge to you today

The strongest region in my heart is where you'll always stay

People say there is reasons, they say time will heal

But neither time nor reasons will change the way I feel

For no one knows the heartache that lies beyond my smile

No one knows how many times I have broken down and cried

I want to tell you something so there won't be any doubt

You're so wonderful to think of but hard to be without

So if I could have a lifetime wish or just a dream come true'

I'd pray to God with all my heart for yesterday and you

A thousand words can't bring you back, I know because I've tried

Nor will a thousand tears, I know because I've tried

I hold now my broken heart and happy memories too

But I never wanted those, I only wanted you!

John Lee BodessaFriend

If I could catch a rainbow

I would do it just for you

And share with you its beauty

On the days you are feeling blue

If I could build a mountain

You could call your very own

A place to find serenity

A place to be alone

If I could take your troubles

I would toss them in the sea

But all these things I am finding are

Impossible for me

I cannot build a mountain

Or catch a rainbow fair

But let me be what I know best a

Friend that's always there.

Chad LawsonNear But Far

You're near but far.
 You gave me the strength
 Even though you're where you are.
 I wonder what I am, you told
 Me, "I am A man."
 When hard times fell,
 You dusted me off again.
 When I got hurt you
 Picked me up and told
 Me to be tough.
 I know I have become
 A man that's the part you
 Wanted me to understand.
 Now I am on my own two
 feet again to let you know
 That I still here, but feel
 Your hands on my shoulder
 "You're near but far."

William Chaplair
I Owe You the World

I owe you the world,
 or as much of it as I
 can give.
 Because I wasn't
 there, you were forced
 to live the life you
 lived.
 So I owe you the
 world, but you'll have
 to settle for the life
 It's likely you'd have
 lived if you hadn't
 ever been my wife.
 In payment of my
 debt, I promise to do
 all I can
 To prove to you that I
 am capable of being the man
 You've always dreamed about but
 never thought that I
 could be.
 'Cause I owe you the world for
 everything you've done
 for me.

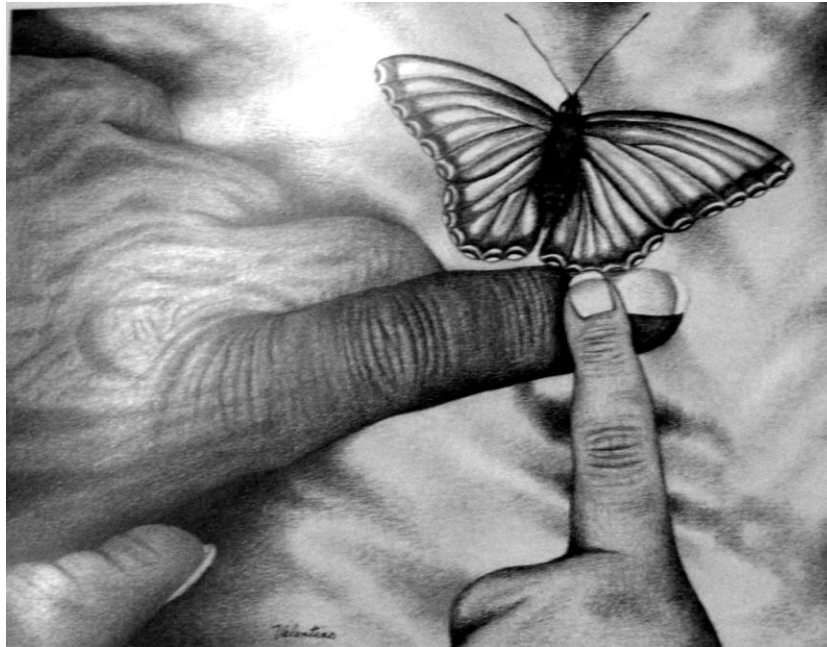
Lysander White
Thinking Of You

I seem to find my head filled with
 Thoughts of you as if I was writing
 For something or someone.

Like the stars in the night sky
 awaiting
 The moon to pop out from behind

The cloud covers just to say hi or
 as if
 The sun rising to the sound of a
 song
 Bird here to awaken a new day.
 Just hearing the sound of your
 name is
 Like hearing a voice speak inside
 my chest, so
 I wonder will I ever find peace and
 the courage
 To speak to you.

Or will I be forever doomed to
 wonder what
 Could of happened between us if I
 only took the



One chance to say I was thinking
 of you today.

Tim Hampton
The Perfect Words

I wanted to find the perfect words
 to make you realize just how much
 I appreciate your time, and to say,
 thank you. But the words continue
 to elude me. What would they be?
 Something poetic, I'm sure
 heartfelt, and out of the ordinary.
 But, I'm afraid, it's no use. Every
 time I look at your picture, or think
 of your name, the words just seem
 to come out the same. I often tell
 you, I love you and say how glad I
 am, we found each other. Talking

about how much you mean to me
 and how wonderful life is because
 of you. But I don't recall, ever
 saying thank you, for liking me
 and accepting me, as I am. And for
 loving me. For letting me know it,
 and for sharing with me, in your
 own special way. But, in my heart,
 I thanked you all the time for
 everything you had done. And for
 most of all, for being you.

Billy Lively
Thoughts of You

For most people
 Days are measured
 In hours and minutes.
 For me, they're measured

In thoughts of you.
 A more pleasant way
 To track sand
 Though the hourglass
 Has never existed
 The clock which counts
 All the days of my life
 Can now be set.
 And its hands
 Will point forever
 To thoughts of you.

Ansen Stowers
On Dreams

I weep for dreams as yet
 unknown,

When startled
 from my restless sleep,
 I know no reason to
 bemoan,

The loss of things I can
 never keep.
 But bemoan their loss, I find I do,
 Such passion spent on
 fallow ground,
 A senseless waste of emotion blue,
 Yet to such fancy am I
 bound.
 Where dreams in sleep are playful
 prose,

A respite from life with
 nothing lost,
 A place where censure never goes,
 And fantasy is without
 cost.
 Righteous seems such burning
 rage,

Like yon silvered star,

The spirit swept into this cage,
 To repent of sins from
 afar.
 Wrath and ire, like armor worn,
 Protection from without,
 Hopes and dreams now are torn,
 Replaced by ceaseless
 doubt.
 Such lofty goals as gone before,
 Usurped by staid ideal,
 Adventure beckons like an open
 door,
 Yet there's no passion left
 to feel.
 Passion past with gavel's break,
 As judgment is incurred,
 Life and freedom will they take,
 At critic's lonely word.

Santos Peña

Daddy Boy

I stumble through a restless sleep.
 Then I saw your tender face of an
 angel.
 In my dream.
 Playing and singing.
 With your smile and laughter.
 It had put so much weight,
 To my lonesome heart
 Wanting to hold you in my arms,
 Which I miss you very much.
 It's not the pain that hurt.
 It's, not seeing you
 that rip through me like arrows in
 my heart.
 You wouldn't imagine,
 how much I dream of you.
 You will always be Daddy Little
 Boy.
 I still see your precious smile.
 And your brown eyes,
 sparkle like the sun light.
 I have dreams
 Seeing you running around the
 house,
 Not a care in the world.
 So full of love
 Yes,
 You will always be Daddy Little
 Boy
 for eternity.

Ted Eason

Always

I see you...
 in everything I enjoy...

in the world around me...
 in all I do -
 There is a piece of time rekindled,
 from the ashes of "Ago."
 It merges briefly with my now.
 Only to fade, and die.
 Taking with it,
 Yet another piece of me as it
 leaves again.
 Not entirely, unwilling to let go –
 but unable.
 Lives tied, souls entwined...
 searching... ever yearning...
 the close comfort of togetherness,
 once shared...
 now a memory...
 held in every fiber of my being –
 forever were
 though always, you are gone...
 from all but my heart and mind.
 Ever with me now,
 the emptiness, of life without
 you...
 - of life...
 ...missing you...

Lucio Urenda

Have To Admit

I have to admit
 I feel more at peace
 When I look into those
 Sparkling pools
 Those beautiful eyes
 That enchant the soul
 For her pretty sight
 Entraps one's life
 And doesn't let you go

I have to admit
 Its never the same
 Once she walks away
 My smile fades away
 And the day
 Just isn't the same
 My life loses meaning
 And my world turns
 to gray

Frank Johnson III

In Thought...

...She came quietly:
 Disguised as a soft breeze,
 A warm whisper.
 As a gentle mist, she slipped into
 my mind;

Turning pages back to
 yesterday's love.
 As her breast pressed
 against my bosom
 Her joy became my joy,
 Her peace- my peace...

...She then sat down in the middle
 of my soul

We
 danced, to our song
 Then we
 created a new form of love
 ...I woke up-----In
 thought...

Robert Deninno

The Magic's Come Undone

Wild eyed golden child
 Your placenta was the sun
 Misty eyed and jaded now
 The magic's come undone
 Your heart is broke
 Your soul is bruised
 You guard yourself
 From being used
 And try to keep yourself
 amused
 While the colors fade and
 run
 Wild eyed golden child
 The magic's come undone.

Huero Williams

Never Unity

The wind screams over the gun
 tower
 As I watch from my stone
 apartment.
 Silence and sadness, here in brick
 city.
 Death and vanity grin at me with
 menace.
 Our anger and temper driving us
 apart.
 Are we too stubborn, or too
 ignorant to understand.
 Hatred flooded in while you were
 gone.
 Brotherhood stumbled out to avoid
 trouble.
 Colorless dawn has come silently.
 The sky brightens alone, without
 the nose of the sun.

Vincent Garcia

Inside

It's a cold world
we live in
where pity has nowhere to land
how can I come inside where it's
warm with lights to see?
It's said that it's the devil's world
in place we be.
Not even God lives the pain we
struggle through,
and it's said he's the almighty,
but nothing has changed.
It's a cold world outside,
but I'm so deep to feel the breeze.
It's hard to understand life at
times.
On how we struggle to live,
and the cause
we die for
it's so twisted, the light of the
world, to see
the beauty of what man does
to corrupt what people don't see.
I've followed the stepping stones
we speak
and I've fallen!
I've asked myself over and over
again,
what's for the people and how
could I help
if I can't help myself?
What can I gain if I can't see or
understand
what this world has for me.
The touch of darkness
is a touch of a disease
that you can't please.
I'll stand tall,
challenge the obstacles that come
to me.
How could I recognize the
goodness' smile,
where there's no light to see.
Where are the stones I climb from
the inside?
I've fallen to my knees.
It's a cold world I know
because I'm in the inside I see.

Ray Charles Gary

Forbidden Fruit

From these walls my life has been
changed in ways one wouldn't
believe,

entrapment.

due to what I've witnessed during
my stay
in this nightmarish never-ending
dream.
I try to wake up
but can't, no matter how hard I try,
and the years roll on
as time passes my by.
In this sleepless state
I'm forced to endure,
I encounter many of life's rejects –
the tainted ones, the imperfect and
impure.
We talk, we fight, we disagree and
we learn and we come to
understand,
that in this life
there is no perfect man.
But all in all we are
the same to some degree,
we all desire to be all those
in our lives want us to be.
The father, the brother, the son,
the lover, hommie and friend,
But answer me this –
who are we really in the end?
The misguided, misunderstood
misjudged and forgotten,
or are we simply the forbidden
fruit
left to rot?

Tom Stone

Presents from the Dead

The songs reverberate in my head
Slamming doors, still kissing still
Sweet slop for every meal
Very lonely-yet never alone
Lots of calls, no one's home
Today just like yesterday
Tomorrow brings timeless sorrow
Such a waste till the end
Take me God-be a friend
Ease my emptiness, my hunger,
the regret-
Ringing in my head.

Dwayne Waterman

The World is not a Pleasant Place
to Be

The world is not a pleasant place
to be without someone to hold or
be held by.

A river would stop its
flow if only a stream
were there to receive

it.
An ocean would never laugh if
clouds weren't there to kiss her
tears.
The world is not a pleasant place
to be without someone like you.
Unfinished
I build these walls of steal
and stone.
My unwanted home
away from home.
I sit here undone and unfinished,
but my spirit and strength
have never diminished.
Who I am, I can not say,
but who knows,
Tomorrow is a new day.
Who guides me, I hope to know
To freedom at home,
I hope to go.

Remember Me

Prison's no place for an innocent
child,
no room for the meek, no room
for the mild.
My nights are so lonely, I toss in
my bed,
My days are so horrid and all
filled with dread.
Grant me this prayer as you did
from the cross,
For that man that knew his life
was a loss.
Please come to this prison where I
sit alone,
Surrounded by darkness,
concrete and stone.
Broken and bruised, forgotten and
lost
In the ash heap of sorrow in life
was I tossed.
There's no place left for me on this
earth
I've lived in the shadows since
the day of my birth.
Come to my prison, enter my cell,
I don't think I'll make it out of
this hell.
And if in this life, no home do I
see,
All I ask God is that you
remember me.

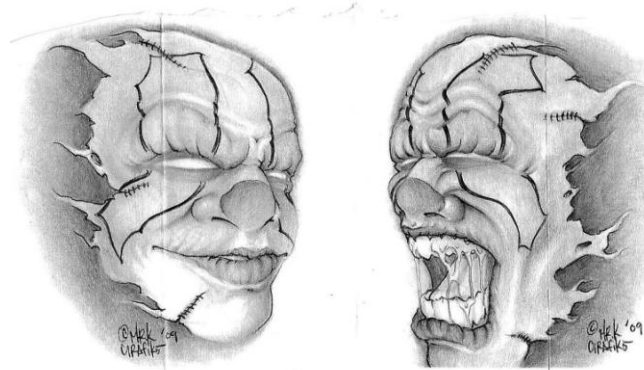
Santos PenaThe Coldness I Feel

Sit here and lay my thoughts,
 In black and white,
 To inform the love and hurt that I
 carry,
 Please Dear.
 Fin the time and space,
 To depart your mind
 Focus and be here with me
 Life is passing me by.
 I crave you with loneliness inside
 me. I'm stuck with a path.
 I live a life with action and
 decision,
 Hurting.
 Waking each morning,
 Just to see how lonely life is
 I have hurt your life and mine.
 These swarm of words you read.
 They are falling silent, with tears,
 Trapped behind bars.
 I cannot continue living this way,
 I will defeat the beast inside of me,
 It has cause pain and suffering that
 I cause you.
 I have a burden here in my chest,
 Crying out loud,
 I feel the coldness of something
 inside me
 A connection of empty thoughts
 Blank,
 Black as the night,
 I am tensely in pain today
 With the path are empty
 Except a few dreams
 That comfort me for awhile.

Shaun MoralesThe Distance

In the midst of it all I remain
 distant. Distant to the world as we
 know it. The pleasures and, pains
 both, anticipating my return. For
 those that enjoyed the distance, my
 return may disturb your life style,
 not that I'll intentionally disturb
 you, but my presence alone will be
 of one who has over come many
 obstacles, just as Booker T.
 Washington has done. When the
 judge sentenced me to death the
 oppressors enjoyed the sacrifice of
 one's freedom for another's well
 being. Not only do I thank God
 for his grace and

acknowledgement but also I give
 thanks to those who doubted me,
 your hatred is fuel to my flames.
 The distance has enabled me to
 find the inner strength and
 ambition that Drives me daily.
 Motivated beyond comparison and
 Driven beyond Belief, A new man
 I am, a new spirit built from the
 steel and concrete that surrounds
 me. Take heed from a dying
 breed, a diamond in the dirt.
 Never allow the negative input
 from the enemy delude your
 future, nor allow the distance to
 defeat you
 ... Defy your fate...
 (For all my incarcerated brothers
 and sisters



Distance makes the heart grow
 fonder
 Free yourself from within, so you
 can
 Be free in the physical form)

Eric Martinez

The world in which I lived had
 neither day nor night,
 The sun continually setting so that
 twilight
 Fell over everything in perpetual
 gradation,
 Staving away both darkness and
 cruel light.
 The house I built with kindle
 I left barren,
 Mingled with dust and decay,
 To be trodden down by rich
 Victorian feet
 This is where I had come to rest
 my head,
 All I ever had been,
 All I ever was, All I ever would
 be.

Poured forth into a torrent of thick
 red
 Catharsis still warm to the touch,
 nothing flew higher than God
 Only God flew higher than me
 Only I knew how to fly.
 How long could I have flown
 Breathing but never having drawn
 a breath
 The humors still stagnant in my
 lungs
 This is the fate for all those like
 me,
 To walk the battlements till
 morning.
 Yielding, I beat my hands at the
 sky and cried out.
 "Am I so far gone that I am not
 worthy of redemption?"

He handed me a knife and
 said,
 "first you must learn to live
 without!"

Buster SwaffordHouse of Steel and Stone

Can you see me,
 In my house of steel and
 stone?
 I've a fence around my yard,
 But not a white picket one.

I've broken all the rules,
 Of things not allowed.
 I've stood alone,
 In the middle of a road.
 Tho' there's been little
 light,

Along this path I climb.
 I've done it all...
 My own style-my own sweet time.
 Today I stand alone,
 In a field of dread.
 I'e exchanged my soul for shame,
 And made a prison cell my bed, oh
 can you see me,
 In my house of steel and stone?
 If only you were with me Lord,
 I wouldn't be so alone.

David CrossLost

No matter what road I travel
 My life slowly tends to unravel
 Crying out for love and friend
 Disaster finds me in the end

Born to evil guided by hate
A mother's love never too late
Disciple of the darkened night
Refuse to grasp the saving light

Temptation whipping at my heel
Misleading me from life's wheel
Struggle and fight to no avail
Satan has my ticket to hell

Down the road there is no hope
Suffering mistakes how to cope
Gnashing of teeth cry out in prayer
How to escape the demon's lair

In the shadows lie only death
Fight and rage with every breath
To reach the tunnel's guiding light
All one must do is force their fright

Maurice Jones
A Hole In Time

As I hold my head high
trying to hold on to the last shred
of dignity and humanity I posses, I
find that the system I have allowed
myself to fall under was created to
destroy those feelings. Fighting
hard with all my strength of my
inner soul I hope to uphold and
maintain my sense of being a man.

Caught in a hole where
time has no place, the aura of
negativity seeps through the wall,
somehow antagonizing me to
become other than myself. The
pressure of constant torment binds
me to a feeling of being caught in a
devil's cove. Those that have come
before me and those that will come
after me are sure to feel the wrath.

Each day I rise with
thoughts of beauty but by the end
of each day those thoughts are
shredded and torn into thoughts of
hate, rage and revenge.

I often bow my head and
fall to my knees asking my
heavenly father to have mercy on
me.

Is he there to hear my
cries, or am I worshipping
something inferior to this hole in
time?

Father why have you
forsaken me.

Anwar Tapia
Concrete Desert

It's inferno hot
In the concrete desert of a man's
doing.
Where I, a convicted Bedouin,
Am banished to roam for years.
Sweting my free-will,
Thirsty for liberty,
Dehydrated of autonomy.
Cement dunes lock me in
Depression of the mind.
The carcasses of past convicted
Litter the heated concrete floor.
Where vultures eat the leftovers
Under the glower of prickly
watchtowers.
Mirages of freedom blur the
horizon.
With parched lips of faith, I search
For my oasis, my redemption.

Marcos G. Saias

Darkness and loneliness
Fill my cell with pain
And fear too great to yell.
I wait for the mailman to deliver to
me
As I wipe away tears that no one
will see.
I pray so sincere with head raised
above
Please God soon
Send a letter of love.
I long to gaze upon pages so dear
With wishes to bring my loved
ones near.
Words of diamonds on pages of
gold
A message from heaven as their
start is told
We love you , we miss you,
We pray you'll be free
A treasured filled envelope just for
me.
Please bring me memories of joy I
once knew

Family friends and things I would
do.

The darkness and pain of my cell
Will once again prevail.
As my name again was not called
for mail.

Robert Fuentes
Power of Poetry

I often wonder
If poetry sounds the same
Outside of prison walls;
Do the words echo differently
In free silence
Than that of dungeon's grasp;
Do the rhythms
Roll and stop
On their own or on command;
Does the picture drawn

Within the syllables of
unrestrained thought look the same
as it does
Through steel barred minds;
But most of all
I often wonder
If the story of words
Carry the outside world
As far as they
Each carry me.

Sketch
Scars & Bars

Will our children sacrifice in time?
The love lost, and hate they'll
find...
Buried in cold concrete
Carved my name in scars
One's story complete
Written behind bars...
The laws of my life
Sentenced me in pain
So damp and weathered
Through cuffs and chains...
So bitter, so sad
For a life I've never had,
Through the suffering
Of family and friends,
A man of conviction
Is where it ends...

Travis Standlee
A Prisoner's Haiku of Realization
Sitting here inside
These walls, uncompromising
I am truly free

**Preston
Smith**

Hello,
I greet
you with
Peace

and kind thoughts.

May your life always greet you
in a very Pleasant Manner.

May each day

that you encounter in life
bring you Comfort, and Happiness.

Life is full of New Experiences.

Each day is a Learning Process for
us.

May every choice
that you make in life
be well thought of
and beneficial to you.

Who we are today
comes from the choices
that we made yesterday,
and who we will be tomorrow
comes from the choices
that we make today.

Life is a long journey
and we engage in so much around
us.

Let's ride down the best road
that we know is there for us,
and put our life in the best position
that we know it deserves to be in.
Let's reach forward and make our
reality

full of Beauty, Glory, and Serenity,
and most of all – Satisfaction.

May you always thrive on Pride,
Ambitions, Consideration,
Commitments,

Hope, Confidence, and
Understanding,

Dignity, Morality, and Good
Principles,

Love, Pure Motives, and a Pure
Heart.

This will cause us to be
all that we can be
in this consuming, crazy,
and unpredictable world.

Let's push forward
and make our dreams come true
with much appreciation
of touching our destination.

William Chaplar
Wisdom Protects

something bigger than we.

Asss
Song....”
Insurent
urgings
bring
atropean

Wisdom will protect you from the
ways of wicked men;
From those who'd make you leave
a path that's straight.
It also can prevent those who
delight in doing wrong
From facing an insufferable fate.

What If...

Some believe it was Eve who went
bad,
But what if the whole world's been
had?

What if all of the hype's
Just misogynist tripe?
Wouldn't that make a lot of folks
mad?

On Creation

People praise the creation of Man.
And yet science does all that it can
To prove that we all sprang
From a cosmic Big Bang,
Which some now claim was really
God's plan.

Don Collins

THE NEXT DAY

At first it seems the world,
is crushing down on you....

Thru those long stressful days,
it seems they last forever....

Your strength is a test of wisdom,
and what will-power you have....

Only in time things will reverse,
and best of days are coming....

Like a scenic volcano erupting,
Don't expect it to go away....
Your life is to forever live,
So be ready for a better day

Thee Gracious Poet

ARE W.E. WHO KNOW YOU

Pipe dream b;kome pure scenes
When seen thru mesh filled
screams;
Like Melvin said with his “Baaad

purgines

When preened thru the mess media

Of mass kommunikations

gurglines

Wear yath are waylaid buy their
buglarings

Burgeoning beds keep us at Home
When abroad

Where temptress heads least
burning our breads

Athe quintessence we sown

Keep us applaud...

Rigor mortistones w/kiffs,

Pseudo-pancs a koffin

Try to doodoo our brains

To make us soften,

Disguard our integrity

A hate self often;

Yet w.e. keep it growing,

When others are throwing-like a
frizzbee

w/return to bender

like a moudr n@*@*r

YA'LL KNOW WHAT I'M

TALKIN BOUT!

GO ON & TESTIFIRE!

Lime iz of the earth az the

Pyramids spoke

Yet it was churned to projects that
mised us broke,

Compelled sum to toot \$toke

From dusk to dawn while planting
knees

In the sandkrab barrel wile pixxing
the hallway

For the trees...

The Ancestors say, “Up You
Magus Negus”

“Freedom is a must!”

You shall arize children of lites

krust just as the sun moon star
daykake

Fore the pains that blind

Kar also make we see

Azp'hull chains bind

Taint your nuestory w/a misstory.

So hears a lil' closure:

The Drum iz a redemption gong,

Tubal iz the giver of living song.

The kross iz the bloody deafroad,

Woman iz the motherlode
 Loveiz the karrier of the most high,
 Children be the justice to kiss the
 sky.
 Man be the substance of the all-
 eye-seer,
 When it all komes together,
 kulture in rootsiz how get freer.
 SELAH.

IMAN I I-DICTATE

4skore the sin borrowers & pin
 followers
 Who like to drag unkreased pants
 Mean-mug & raag sag
 w/they burnin fag out the lip..
 4skore the krook whose living ah
 lie

Az

ah rook
 Plaing big
 baller
 30 piece of
 goal
 paperbrawler
 & all the
 while they just
 ah krawler...
 4skore the
 gangeter thug
 chetkolony
 pranksta
 Whose
 larceny over
 intelligence
 Professes their belligerence
 While proklamating, "I'm a mane ,
 mane..
 4skore be-linches half a men
 pseudowenthes
 Whose street reputation iz jumpin
 Kastle on park benches
 Deceiving thy Brother & Sister
 While in your eye iz ah herpe
 blister...
 4skore the aggravator stankin
 kontemptor
 Hoze adultous daze
 Keep them hemmed in
 Kan't find exit from misery haze
 & sandkrabbing the devil's den...
 4 you A>B>E> lite student
 Who need to get eminent dome-ain
 Engage self knowledge & be kome
 prudent..
 It's t.i.m.e. we desert the niggardly



Mentality
 Pulverize niggardly ways & means
 Emancipate niggardly anesthesia
 themes
 Ascend niggardly drama skemes &
 plays
 Crush niggardly thought knaves &
 knaves
 Eradikate niggardly word slaves..
 Let the dead sleep w/.the dead
 Secret the living w/the living!

Brian Webster

This Chain

All my life
 I've heard it said
 That "every dog has its day"

But this poor hound
 Has never found it
 Ever to be that way

I've been caught and
 bound
 Placed in the pound
 Tethered fast to this
 chain

They no moral dilemma
 Of euthanasia
 No melancholy
 For my pain

Through all life's

struggles
 From on high...I fell
 I never lost spirit
 Never tucked my tail

But they bid me to live
 In this well oiled machine
 Like some piston, gear or cog
 So it should never be said
 "Every dog has its day"
 But that "Every day has its dog"

Sheena King

Knowing our Communities and Ourselves

You have your way, I have mine
 Stereotypical thought confine.
 Our lives are different. Let
 differences define.
 Separate worlds-don't coincide
 They should not meet, never
 collide

Labels and judgments shall divide.

There is a bridge you could
 traverse,
 Beware; your verdict may be
 reversed
 And what you thought you knew-
 inversed!
 The world is an integrated
 composition,
 a whole by uniting parts was the
 vision
 a universe of created equals in
 juxtaposition.
 Yet a people unique, diversified-
 No longer separated by terms that
 classified
 With similarity in experiences, we
 are unified.

Duane Butler

Forgiveness

Mend for me my broken soul,
 Fill for me my empty bowl.
 Sing to me of your saving grace,
 Show to me thy angels face.
 Spread for me your chosen path
 Spare of me your vengeful wrath.
 Wash for me away my sins,
 This heart of mine for me please
 mend.

And for you my lord I give my
 life,
 To right the wrong, and end the
 strife,
 I'll lift my voice in praise of you,
 And let your light come shining
 through.
 Clear the darkness from my heart,
 I'll carry my load and do my part.
 All of this I ask of thee
 Your humble servant on bended
 knee.

Dave Gordon

A Nut Like Me

A lonely nut fell from a tree
 Whose trunk was twisted and torn
 Her branches yellowed very few
 leaves
 To protect her young acorn

Without any help, with no father
 around,
 Without any clue what to be,

The little lone nut sunk a root in
the ground
Then began his new life as a tree

He saw his old twisted mother
And how she had grown all alone
He made the choice to discover
How to live a new life of his own

But each time that he spread out
new leaves
In this wind and the rain and the
sun
The insects and birds and
bumbling bees
Would steal them everyone

This caused him lots of anger
For what right did they have to his
leaves
But then he saw the great danger
That topples the greatest of trees

For trees they were created
To shelter and feed smaller things
Because they all are related
Through the life that each creature
brings

The insects keep the trees nice and
clean
As the birds sing out songs from
their nests
The bumbling bees build their
hives in these trees
Because to them a tree house is
best

It's the best place to have
recreation
And the best place to lay safe in
bed
It's the best place to see God's
creation
When the storms of life pass
overhead

So the tree all alone felt great
sorrow
For that dry arid plain made him
grieve
He envisioned a brighter tomorrow
Then spread out his arms full of
leaves

His arms were soon filled with
God's creatures
He counted them all as his own
Then in the surprise of his nature
He started to drop new acorns

Young trees all around him soon



sprouted
Growing safely up under his shade
So proud of their father they
shouted,
“Hey look at the family dad
made!”

It didn't take long for these trees to
grow strong
Under the shelter of their father's
strong limbs
For when these trees grew, the
plain they once knew
Was a forest of trees thanks to him

The bees had increase their
number
As the baby birds sang from their
nests
The insects had no time for
slumber
For the birds and the bees made a
mess

So deep in this dark wooded forest
Surrounded by his family
Stands a happy old tree who laughs
out in glee

“Life came from a nut just like
me!”

I hope that you all grasp my
meaning
It's whispering through all of my
leaves
For this poem that you've just been
reading
Came from a man who began like
this tree

So reach into yourself and discover
A truth that I know you will see
That all of us really are brothers
Since we're nuts from the same
family tree

Torrance Maddox

Untitled

Hardships befall all, success is the
word that's spoken
You should hold your head high
and stand tall.
With the partnership of body and
mind, anyone can overcome
Achieve and hurdle barriers. Block
of time.
Reach out and clasp, grasp a fallen
man's last touch
For this is the key to humanity.
Love through a gesture as such.

Jose Heladio Villarreal III

Cycle of Time

Born in a web without properties
of silk or fabric, yet as complex as
feathering of an Aztec headdress.

Graced with the fiery
spirit, cast iron endurance and
conscience to address.

A bronze embryo, then
infant warrior who upon time will
flourish as the Mexican empire
once did throughout the valley of
Mexico.

Devouring all erudition
with the appetite of a Jaguar knight
in his quest for betterment and self
determination for the people, for
books are his vehicle.

Heartfelt engagements and
brutality of the baton will mold his
character.

The cannonade will create
a resistance, a thick callous as

tempered steel which will enable him to shine as leader of the people.

The lingering of fresh cordite in the streets of Aztlan are but screaming alarms from chicomostoc, the first barrio of Aztlan sent to these neocolonies we now call home. And the beautiful quetzal bird that gives us hope with its melodious song sang throughout the jungle kingdom, from the tops of the highest pyramids to the lowland mountain trails, the sharp cry of the quetzal rips through the silence of the valley floor only to echo from the deepest canyons.

From the farthest smelling earth to the concrete and steel cages, this is our cycle of time.

Greg Shattack

Yesterday, Today, + Tomorrow
The past? It's dead and stinking
There's nothing left but thinking
That's long come to an end
To never be again

The Future? an illusion
Realities grave intrusion
to keep you in the "then"
a time that's never been

This moments all that's real
To see and hear and feel
so live your life today
tomorrow, come what may

Michael Owens

Sentrise A Gusto Con Los Muertos
Awkward kinds of life play out
in the machine, teeth mark steel
etch a footnote to Achebe's last
warning, things fall apart like
antebellum afterbirth in the USA
grinds bones dull then penalizes
their collapse, novocaine spirit
does not mind the sting of face
down, obedience to that singular
taste: boot leathers and waffle
soles, better to disappear than
be next disappeared, that seems
to be more common excuse and
the catacombs ain't even 1/2 full,
that's the sad, inevitable truth

Che's reward is a cement coffin
up at Pelican Bay, the boogeymen
get those worth talking, in time,
blacks and latinos are minorities
everywhere but here, while world
inside of a six-foot shelf space
the name of the game is control,
everyone novice except the beast
(him! Challenge to wants one no)
that's as backwards as searching
for revolt among the happy dead.

Ryan Collier

Unto Me

Tonight I cry...
Yes... The teardrops wash my face
I'm downcast and ashamed
lord, cover me with grace.

Joy comes in the morning...
oh tonight....
its getting late.
I need a blessing now....



lord how long must I wait.

You're my only confidence
in you is my reward...
you're all the hope
that I have left...
You're all I can afford.

Attend to me...
and hear my cries
mend my heart...
and dry my eyes...

your comforts I do not despise....
my broken heart's last sigh....

draw nigh o-lord, draw nigh....
Unto me.

Leslie Amison

Thanksgiving Dishwasher

Old woman
you should be reclining
on the beaches of Florida.
How were you beached here?
Husband sick?
Die before his time?

At least
the waitresses are polite to you.
No one lends a hand though.
I am tempted to = To get off my
fat ass
and stoop the way you stoop
and haul off those pits of dishes.
Are we a people filled only
with the temptation to do good?
Time hasn't been gentle with you
either/
Though, behind those ample
wrinkles
I can imagine trying
to pick you up some 40 years ago.
How is it, you don't even curse
us under your breath?
Brought up the way my parents
were?
Work hard. Go to church. Finally
to heaven.
None of those admonitions ever
got me off my ass.

Still
we have something in common.
POVERTY.
And, when I dust off my economic
history books,
the ones no one reads anymore,
I can see people joining us years
hence.
The 'new economics' is the "old
inflation."
With a statement like that, you can
guess,
I'm known as a crank = Not your
type really.
But, there's a minority dusting off
those old books
that say = You are a part of the
result.

Ben WinterGlorious

It's as if I wish to
 Stave off the future with words
 If I can somehow construct
 meaning
 From scattered fragments and
 phrases
 I just may be able to change the
 outcome
 The horrid unknown reshaped
 Between the hammer of will
 And the anvil of circumstance

Each word born into the white
 world
 Is hurled in the face of time
 In hopes of stemming the tide

With a mighty effort the
 Offspring of my mind
 Wrestle with disaster and ruin
 On my behalf
 Desperately seeking to form a
 future
 Yet unseen

And who knows
 I just may be able to build a world
 And a future with these words
 Better suited to what I deserve
 So close to what I desire

Jason ForbesLunar Sea

Aspiring to be, I look forward
 And up, onward across the
 Lunar sea, within grasp my
 Motivation –filled cup,
 I'll surrender not to the bleak
 And brackish past
 The old mask is split and
 Behind me cast,
 For---driven, ahead pressing
 Fast
 Outcast but, not outclassed,
 Nor defeated.
 Not saddened or weakened by
 Gestures for past deeds treated.
 The suffering has ended
 And now a force with which to
 Be contended, a tardy bloom
 Rendered and preserved, a

Success to be earned and
 Well-deserved
 The rolling stone not so hard
 That I cannot bleed, my
 Throbbing heart still humming
 Your name as I traverse
 The Lunar Sea.

Robert HambrickGoing Away

When wondering
 rabbits worry of
 missing
 disappointments...
 and chessmen
 scream curses
 cruelly;
 If flamingos replace
 readied mallets...
 and hat men become
 unruly;
 When sightless
 sound and soundless
 sight prompt
 colorless, toneless
 flight-

Then it
 could be time.

When men bow to noble horses...
 and ships sail amongst the clouds;

If dragons now become
 men's friends... as trolls gather in
 loud crowds;
 When singing eggmen fear walrus
 and wren-

It might be time.

When windmills become terrible
 giants... and the sun shines as you
 sleep;
 If raving ravens cry "Never
 more".... And there's laughter as
 you weep;
 When thoughts are circles without
 rims, and demons sing holy
 hymns-

It may be time.

When forests become a maze of
 steel ... and the sky becomes a
 ceiling;

If kropsometer's mood dominates
 rhyme...depression unappealing;
 When you add up the letters of
 your name and answer to the
 number of the same
 -it is probably time.

When clocks tick only inside your
 head... not losing,
 but already lost;
 If breathing
 brings you only
 dread... and
 comes the
 terminal frost;
 When home's
 throne becomes
 cold stone-
 Then it is
 time.



When love is but
 a mourned
 memory... and
 touch renders no
 feeling;
 If mirrors show
 only what you hide... and the
 soul's wound has no healing;
 When you shout but no one hears,
 and you've finally drained of tears-
 It is time.

Time to go...

Unless you've already
 gone.

C.F. ChristianPaths of Learning

Truth walks towards us,
 On the paths of our questions.
 As soon as you think
 You have the answer,
 The path closes...
 And you miss
 Vital new information

Wait in stillness
 Do not rush to conclusions.
 No matter how uncomfortable
 The unknowing may be
 Keep you path of learning
 Open!

THANKS TO ALL OF OUR CONTRIBUTING AUTHORS!

Robert Bailey GX9022

PO Box 256

Waymart, PA 18472-0256

"I am a student of life and human nature also a practitioner of Zen."

Eric Bederson P84676

CMF PO Box 2000

Vacaville, CA 95696-2000

"What is important about me is everybody loves me, and my modesty."

John Bodessa 1213403

Mark W. Stiles Unit

3060 FM 3514

Beaumont, TX 77705

Duane Butler 1256670

Wynne Unit B1-4-14

1697 FM 980 Huntsville, TX 77349

"I'm an awesome cook and an ordained minister"

J Cameron 1389440

Stringfellow Unit 1200 FM 655

Rosharon, TX 77583

"My aspiration is to mature into a Godly husband and father."

William Chaplar 653141

Rufe Jordan Unit 1992 Helton Road

Pampa, TX 79065-9696

"Everything inspires me to write what I write."

John E. Christ 734270

3 Jester Road

Richmond, TX 77406-8544

"I am a modern man with open eyes and mind."

C.F. Christian B-66387

Salinas Valley State Prison A5-236 PO Box 1050

Soledad, CA 93960

"I am a people watcher, I watch the world unfold..."

Ryan Collier 1291854

Allred Unit 2101 FM 369 N

Iowa Park, TX 76367

"I'm finally a friend a friend would like to have"

Don Collins R-58382

Dixon Correctional 2600 N. Brinton Av

Dixon, IL 61021

"For there is one thing that we do not give up, that is the power of thought and aspirations."

B.C. aka Ben Winter

V03536 2-B-226 PO Box 715071

Represa, CA 95671

"I am more than my crime, my C.D.C. file, my CDC# ..."

David Cross 637203

McConnell Unit 3001 S Emily Dr

Beeville, TX 78102

"I try to look for the best in all things"

Robert Deninno E82542

PO Box 7500 C9-212

Crescent City, CA 95532

"I would describe myself as young at heart without being immature"

Steve Dennis 0702341291

6F4 9500 Etiwanda Ave

Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91739-9662

"Life inspires me! My experiences are uniquely mine, and they are all I have to offer."

Jose DiLenola 96B1343

POBox 148

Attica, NY 14011

Ted Eason 1265238

Ferguson Unit 12120 Savage Drive

Midway TX 75852

"I love the mountains, majestic full of life and beauty, they restore the soul."

C.F. aka Sketch HS-0852

PO Box 244

Graterford PA 19426-0244

"My dream is to ... hopefully inspire others to express themselves and maybe change the way people look at life."

Jesus Fonseca V-12630

CA State-Corcoran PO Box 3481

Corcoran, CA 93212

"...To have a sense of where we are going and how to live we must first know where we come from"

Jason Forbes FG-4445

301 Morea Road Frackville PA 17932

"A sprout from manure, slow to bloom am I."

Robert Fryer 113576

S.C.R.C.R. 1420 Industrial Park Rd

Wiggins MS 39577

"Life is too short to waste, so I live and love like every day is my last."

Robert Fuentes C88749

D-5-104 PO Box 7500

Crescent City CA 95531

"I am an individual who looks forward to my yesterdays while enjoying the bridge of today."

Curt Gambill 805886

Eastham Unit 2665 Prison Rd 1

Lovelady TX 75851

"I have a fierce drive to improve. To better myself. And not allow this place or the past to define the person I am today."

Vincente Garcia T-11742 CCT 4B6B107

PO Box 1902 Tehachapi CA 93581

"I would like to learn different languages, and Sign Language."

Ray Charles Gary 726247

Stiles Unit 3060 FM 3514

Beaumont, TX 77705

"I've traveled a lot in my life and have had the pleasure of encountering different nationalities..."

James Glaze 807549

1697 FM 980 Huntsville TX 77343

"I would describe myself as a caring and intelligent person."

David Gordon 877573

Telford Unit 3899 SH 98

New Boston TX 75570

"I make things that come alive-like, pop-up books and short stories."

Robert Hambrick 1425470

Allred Unit 2101 FM 369 N

Iowa Park TX 76367

"In my early 20's I spent 8 months hitch-hiking around the states, met many good people and had great adventures."

Tim Hampton 852404

Wynne Unit Huntsville TX 77349

""My mood sets my mind. And my fingers proceed with action."

Doug Harris 1366383

Smith Unit High Security 1313 Country Road 19

Lamesa TX 79331-1898

"According to my ex-wife, I'm the king of smart a**es!"

Frank D. Johnson III 1485979 I-33

3 Jester Rd Richmond TX 77406

"But my greatest inspiration came from my mother- Elvina Levy Johnson."

Maurice Jones 90A2975
Southport Correctional Facility PO Box 2000
Pine City NY 14871-2000
“[I have] the ability to laugh at myself and love life in spite of my unfortunate circumstances”

Sheena King OC2312
PO Box 180Muncy PA 1775
“I write because it is my exhale and sometimes it is the exhale of others ...”

Chad Lawson 722204
Estelle Unit 264 FM 3478
Huntsville TX 77320-3322
“[I will] keep my head up and keep trying 'til I achieve what I need to do ...”

Bill Lively 1559654
Allred Unit 2101 FM 369 North
Iowa Park TX 76367
“I like to dance in thunderstorms.”

Chris Lockridge 1357176
1697 FM 980 Huntsville TX 77343
“I am inherently an adventurer, a conqueror and a thrill seeker.”

Torrence Maddox 1461876
McConnell Unit 3001 S. Emily Beeville TX 78102
“If it was up to me it would rain 355 days of the year.”

Eric Martinez 1588185
Lopez State Jail 1203 El Cibolo Rd
Edinburg TX 78542
“I am a classically trained opera singer.”

James Meier 634089
Stiles Unit 3060 FM 3514 19-X-01
Beaumont TX 77705-7635
“My inspiration comes from my desire to entertain.”

William Miles 666895
Estelle Unit 12D 264 FM 3478
Huntsville TX 77320-3323
“Inspiration: desire to vent. to live to paint with words. to enlighten.”

Shaun Morales B03747
Santa Rosa Correctional- E 5850 East Milton Rd
Milton FL 32583 “Learning from life's lessons, embracing growth is what inspires me to write from a personal point of view.”

A.N. aka Thee Gracious Poet
Upstate S.C.U.P. 9C2#30T309
Bare Hill Road Malone NY 12953-2001
“The most important things about me: ability to kompartmentalize. Eye am not above reproach. Eye am magnanimous.”

Joe ONeal H02120
PBSP D9-104 PO Box 7500
Crescent City CA 95533
“I love to smile :); it's infectious.”

Santos Pena 1187353
Briscoe Unit 1459 West Hwy 85 Dilley TX 78017
“Wisdom and strength have inspired me to be a staunch person.”

Albert Pena 132360
Eastham Unit 2665 Prison Road # 1
Lovelady TX 75851
“My dreams are to find someone and get married, work on a book to publish all my work.”

Gerald B. Prisock 730014
Rufe Jordan Unit 1992 Helron Rd
Pampa TX 79065-9655
“I hate okra in all forms! I am a rabid chocoholic!”

Eric Remerowski 1145256
Clements Unit 9601 Spur 591
Amarillo TX 79107
“...prison can be an opportunity for much spiritual growth...”

Felix Rodriguez 1525427
Dolph Briscoe Unit 1459 W Hwy 85 Dilley TX 78017
“Reformed, compassionate, loyal, kind, forgiving, wise in heart yet humble.”

Jason Salas 663036
Allred Unit 21010 FM 369 N
Iowa Park TX 76367

Greg Shattuck 1342447
3899 State Hwy 98 S New Boston TX 75570
“I started writing poetry because I've always enjoyed the challenge of new creative mediums.”

Preston Smith 04103000
Federal Correctional Complex
PO Box 24550
Tucson AZ 85734

Jackey Sollars 646400
Stiles Unit 19-4-1010
3060 FM 3514 Beaumont TX 77705
“I can click a heel in a disco as easily as I can scoot a boot in a honky tonk.”

Travis Standlee 1241041
BMCC C-22-T 8500 North FM 3053
Overton TX 75684
“I'm a tiny cog in the machine. But we all have our parts to play.”

Tom Stone 670145
South Bay Facility A3-105L PO Box 7171
South Bay FL 33493
“Moral of my story don't rob banks.”

Anson Stowers 510105
Estelle Unit High Security 264 FM 3478 Rd
Huntsville TX 77320
“I also like to draw and have a passion for good books.”

Clarence Swafford 1205928
Allred Unit 2101 FM 369 N.
Iowa Park TX 76367
“Studying American culture inspires me a great deal!”

Anwwar Tapia 1071564
Robertson Unit 12071 FM 3522
Abilene TX 79601

Lucio Urenda 710403
899 FM 632 CY Unit Kenedy TX 78119
“[I've learned] that no matter what life puts in front of me I can overcome the obstacle... with a little patience and determination.”

Joe Villarreal 589341
Wynne Unit
Huntsville TX 77349

Paul Wasburn 478312
Estelle Unit 264 FM 3478
Huntsville TX 77320
“I believe everyone has the right to be you...”

Dwayne Waterman 1240913
Michael Unit 2664 FM 2054
Tennessee Colony TX 75886

Bryan Webster 1295022
Connally Unit 19-W-002 899 FM 632
Kenedy TX 78119
“I only read non-fiction and I'm a sucker for Dachshunds.”

Lysander White 1382020
3060 FM 3514 Beaumont TX 77705-7635
“When I write a poem, each carries its own type of passion.”

Huero Williams D16748
CSATF/State Prison E1-143 PO Box 5242
Corcoran CA 93212

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